Aphra and the Lesbian Space Pirates: Cass, Raps, Marika, and the Bentenmaru Debacle
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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Sometime after they left Earth, and met Steven Universe, they come across a group of space pirates led by the willful Marika Kato, captain of the Bentenmaru. Will Aphra be able to hold herself back, or will her bad decisions get her, her girlfriend, and newfound friends (of sorts), on the Darla Angel, into trouble which will doom them all? Only time can tell, and it will often rest on what Aphra does and the reactions of others, like Marika's partner, Cass.

Notes

After finishing "The Corona Chronicles" (listed as an inspiration), a while back, I decided to bring Cass, Marika, and Raps into this series, along with other characters, as I wanted to tie both of them together, especially if they meet again in the future. I had a lot of fun writing this fic and am excited to keep going with this series. Future parts will feature characters from Korra, Metallic Rouge, Nana, and RWBY, to name a few! I hope you all enjoy this wild crossover. As always, comments (including constructive criticism) is welcome. Please let me know if there are any other series you think would work as good crossovers with Aphra.

This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World, Wattpad, Quotev, Inkstone, and adult-fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by The Corona Chronicles by lefemmerouge2

"Don't *even* try to get close to my girlfriend again, you damn ruffian…she is MINE!" Cass shouted, as she drew her sword. She was defending a young woman named Marika, who stood behind her, her orangish hair shining from the artificial light from the spaceship's hallway. As it happened, Raps luckily was *not* be present, as she had come down with some space sickness, at least that's what it appeared to be. In order to understand how they got into this mess, it is necessary to go back to what happened two hours earlier.

"Ma'am, we've spotted an unfamiliar ship on the scopes. I've never seen anything like before."

Marika walked over to Schnitzer and looked at his screen readout. He was right. It was different from anything they had seen before. This ship looked like it could be *a threat*.

"You are right. Hail them. We need to see who they are as a precaution." They had to make sure. Any mistake could be deadly.

He compiled. The last thing they would want as for a ship to fire upon them out here in the vacuum of space. The *Bentenmaru* had taken some damage after it left from a planet known as Ever Realm and arrived in orbit around another planet with different characteristics. This hadn't been anyone's fault, it's just that space travel had rougher this time.

The greyish ship, that had just leaped out of hyperspace, quickly replied to their request. An image came on the screen. Speaking on behalf of the ship was a woman with brown hair covered by a leather helmet, with aviator goggles on top. She wore an outfit which screamed "look at me, I'm sexy!" Marika thought that immediately when staring at it and almost felt a little jealous while she wore this absurd pirate uniform.

She was about to say something, but the woman began speaking. "I'm *Captain* Aphra of the spaceship *Darla Angel* with my first-mate *in love*, the wonderful and beautiful Entrapta, and a bunch of other people from some godforsaken planet…"

Before she could finish, Entrapta, who liked to be called Apta, began speaking. Her hair wrapped lovingly around Chelli's arm. She pointed to her side, "and *this* is Emily." The robot beeped and moved from side to side, with the impression it was happy to be with her, on the ship. The other crewmates grumbled. They didn't like being forgotten. Surprisingly, Apta mentioned them.

"Oh, and the other crew members are Adora, her girlfriend Catra, Bow, and Glimmer."

Marika nodded and gave a quick reply. They couldn't let them go and they had to prepare themselves for combat. They couldn't make a rash decision. They had to be ready in the event that *an attack* occurred.

"Thank you for that information, Ms. Aphra and Ms. Entrapta. Please stay in contact. We will hail you again with further instructions, as I discuss this with my crew."

She turned off the viewscreen and turned around, hoping to face her black-haired girlfriend, a lieutenant on the ship. She trusted her advice more than anything. Why wouldn't she? She really, really needed it now, as this could lead to unnecessary tensions. As captain, she had to ensure the other ship wouldn't cause any trouble.

Luckily for her, Cass happened to walk onto the ship's bridge at that very moment. Anyone would be taken with her, as her fancy uniform shined, whether from the epaulets on her shoulders, the sword attached to his belt, or her fancy dress pants and shoes. Her mahogany skin sparkled as always. These were just some of the many reasons that Marika had fallen in love with her.

"Marika, what's wrong?" she asked, seeing a worried expression on her girlfriend's face. She didn't want her to be worried. Before she could ask anything more, Marika interjected.

"It's this new ship...it's led by this domineering women, her partner who walks on her hair, and many others, like a robot, a woman with sparkly hair, and a cat woman...I want to know what you think: should I let them come onto our ship?...or is it *too dangerous*?"

Cass did not know what to tell her. What could she say? It was tough, since she had *not* seen the crew members of the ship her girlfriend was referring to with her own eyes. So, she was relying upon what Marika said. She had little choice.

"They *may* bring destruction or flames of death to this ship, but they also could be friendly, and serve as more allies we can rely on in these… uncertain times. I can't stop but tell the truth to you, my sweet Marika. I have such ardent love for you, I cannot help but consent to *you,* so you can fulfill my desires."

This eloquence surprised her. She hadn't expected to hear it from Cass. Sometimes her girlfriend would say something unexpected like this. This was one of those times. After hearing Cass's words, she began blushing, with redness beginning to cover across her entire face, which became more flushed as blood rushed there. This soon ended as she quickly recomposed herself. She couldn't let these words get to her.

"Thank you for your counsel, Cass...we can fulfill our...uh...desires later, *in the bedroom*."

Although she had spoken forcefully, almost acting prophetically, she was caught off guard by Marika's remark. She couldn't be more embarrassed at how directly, and openly, Marika had said this! She did not know that Marika had uttered those words by accident, but couldn't pull it back once it had left her mouth. They often publicly showed their affection for one another, causing both, or at least one of them, to blush almost every day. Luckily, Misa wasn't there to keep them on task, nor were any of the others, apart from Schnitzer.

Unusually, Cass was the one who got them back on track. She had to ask her directly. Personally, she was concerned about the nearby starship, not because it was headed by a woman. Rather, something about them gave her a large red warning sign. Ultimately, Marika was the one who had to make the decision.

"So, Marika, are you going to let these wayward spacefarers on board...or not?"

She scratched her head. She felt that one person's opinion was not enough, as much as she respected and *loved* Cass. How could she tell her this without causing a fissure between them? She grumbled. She whispered in such a low tone that *only* Cass could hear her and no one else.

"I...don't know, *Cassie*...I hear what you are saying about them, but I also don't want to turn them away. What if one of them can help fix our ship?...I want to talk to more crew members and get more viewpoints on this, before coming to a decision...does that make sense?"

Cass understood, although she had hoped that Marika would have been able to make the decision on what she had said alone. With that, Marika bid her adieu as she left the bridge and traveled across the ship so she could talk to the other crew members. Many of them were helping repair the ship. The medical officer, Misa, was tending to Rapunzel, who had contracted a sort of space sickness, which could be caused by the ship's movement through space. This syndrome only appeared *in space*, not on land, and it was awful.

As Marika went to talk to the ship's specialist (Hyakume), the electronic warfare specialist (Coorie), ship engineer (San-Daime), or psychic navigator (Luca), all of whom had their own opinions on the matter, Cass spoke to Schnitzer. As always, he was serious and stern. This was no surprise as he was the tactical officer after all.

"Lieutenant Cassandra, I recommend we prepare for any and all possibilities."

She couldn't agree more. She knew they *needed* to be ready in case these space travelers were unfriendly. At that very moment, a rousing discussion between members of the *Darla Angel*'s crew was occurring.

Glimmer stamped her foot on the floor. She was getting tired of Chelli's ideas. Perhaps part of her felt resentful that she had been pushed to accept Chelli as the captain in a sort of coup d'etat.

"We *cannot* attack them! No lasers, no missiles, no nothing! We must approach them peacefully."

Bow nodded, feeling that Glimmer was right. Adora and Catra didn't say anything outright, only giving their silent agreement, knowing that Chelli could he unpredictable *at times*.

The concerns of Adora and Catra soon proved to be valid. Chelli pulled out her blaster from its holster and fired it into the ceiling. They had been going back-and-forth for over ten minutes now, and they still couldn't come to a consensus. This is why she *hated* working with other people sometimes. These fissures, among the crew, had only been growing as their journey continued. As much as she detested Glimmer and Bow, she knew that they *all* had to stay together, at least for the time being. Even so, she blurted out her opinion.

"We can wipe them out with a calculated first strike...it will be swift and painless…"

She cut herself off. She hadn't meant to say any of that. Thinking back about what she said, she realized she had begun sounding like some sort of military commander, at that moment. She hated that. That was the type of thing she detested. *UGH.* She did what she could to

regain her position. Apta held her hand, providing her support, while she smiled, showing how much she cared for her.

"Glimmer, you have a different idea than I do...each of us has our own perspective. We need to stay *together* as one unit, and await their response, before doing anything else."

What she had said actually sounded reasonable *for once*, which surprised Glimmer. She hadn't expected that, nor had Bow. Adora piped up, while she firmly held Catra's hand.

"*Captain* Aphra is right," Adora began, acknowledging her captaincy, while Catra and Bow continued to disapprove. She had been one of those who voted in favor for Chelli to lead the ship, along with Apta. That divide continued to split the ship's crew, although Emily was effectively *another* vote in favor of Chelli.

Adora cleared her throat and continued. "We need to stay together. We must prepare ourselves for an armed confrontation, *if* it comes to that." This was a perspective that Chelli appreciated. She then ordered Apta to prepare the weapons. She saluted Chelli and then declared "it will be done, Captain Aphra," in an almost militaristic way, with both of them laughing afterward. As an aside, she told Apta to activate the *secret weapon*. She did so, but Adora, Catra, Glimmer, and Bow were none the wiser, with not even Catra, with her enhanced hearing, able to hear what Chelli had said to Apta.

After this happened, Glimmer and Bow moved to the back of the ship's bridge, annoyed and feeling their perspectives had been somewhat ignored. Catra joined them, and Adora did as well, to her chagrin, as she still did not understand *why* Adora favored what Chelli was doing. Didn't she know better? She then remembered how she had acted before they got together and realized her perceptions might be off.

The crew did not have a chance to come to any decision. Suddenly, a message appeared on their viewscreen: Marika wanted to contact them. Chelli jumped forward and answered it. Apta stood by her in support, with Emily on the other side. Marika appeared on the screen once more:

"I am Captain Marika Kato of the *Bentenmaru,* who you spoke with earlier. We have decided to let you board our vessel. Please follow the coordinates to the docking bay."

Chelli only replied with one word: "Acknowledged." She turned off her screen. Seeing that Glimmer, Bow, Adora, and Catra were on the other side of the bridge, she spoke loud enough that they could hear her. However, she was specifically addressing Glimmer, who remained her biggest critic among the crew members.

"I suppose you win this one, *princess*. We are going on their ship, after all. I guess your peaceful approach is what we are doing *for now*."

On the one hand, Glimmer was glad because her ideas had been recognized. That was a step in the right direction. On the other hand, she was concerned, considering she did not like how Chelli added the words "for now" at the end.

After over twenty minutes of flying through space, with Apta and Chelli often flirting with one another, to the annoyance of Glimmer, while Bow, Adora, and Catra did not mind it *as much*, they made their way to the docking bay. The ship landed gracefully. Apta and Chelli saw the *Darla Angel* as their labor of love. They didn't want it damaged. That's what they really cared about.

Exiting the ship, Marika, Cass, and Schnitzer greeted them. Hyakume stood nearby. He was on stand-by in case something happened. Marika, Cass, and Schnitzer offered to take them on a tour of the ship. Chelli and Apta were fine with this and Emily followed behind them. At the same time, Bow and Glimmer wanted to rest. They were guided by Hyakume to available guest quarters. Adora and Catra followed them. There was no need for rest, but they would rather go on a tour *without* Chelli, Apta, or Emily, at least this time.

As they walked through the hallways, Marika explained what the *Bentenmaru* did and how their letters of marque worked, which Chelli found fascinating. Apta didn't care as much for it. Instead, she liked being near Chelli and her second-favorite being-of-sorts: Emily. She beeped happily as Apta brushed the top of her head (if it could be called that), almost the equivalent of petting a cat.

While they enjoyed the tour, Bow and Glimmer soon found themselves in the room of a woman with brunette hair. She looked up and saw them. Like she did with everyone, she assumed good intentions, even as she prepared herself to attack them if necessary. She decided to introduce herself. "I'm Rapunzel Fitzherbert, the *former* queen of the Kingdom of Corona...how about you both?" Glimmer bowed and tried to show deference. She always did that when addressing other royals. That was just how she had been taught. Bow followed suit.

"I'm Glimmer, *former* queen of the Kingdom of Bright Moon, and this is my boyfriend, Bow." Raps laughed. She could already tell they had something in common. There was *nothing wrong* with having more friends, right? She didn't see the issue with that, at all. Having more people you can trust in a turbulent galaxy is always important, especially when staying with *space pirates*.

"It is a pleasure to meet you both. I'm here because I had to get away from my *husband*, Eugene… I left him to be on this ship, to explore the galaxy with these space pirates, including a woman who I'm trying to get *better* acquainted with, once again, named Cassandra." In saying this, she was hinting at her feelings for Cass. She did not talk about these feelings directly.

Her animal companion happened to wake up at that very moment and started to shrink away at first. Raps reassured him as she did with all visitors. "Pascal, they are friends. It's okay." That put him at ease. Bow extended his hand and began stroking him. "Hey, little buddy, it's great to meet you too." His personality easily meshed with Pascal. Raps explained how she had come across him, without revealing too many details, so she didn't have to relive the trauma of her past, which she couldn't handle immediately with new friends.

"Pascal had come to my aid more times than I can count. He joined me at one of my darkest points in my life…and has been a loyal companion over the years."

They continued chattering about each of their respective worlds, whether the Ever Realm or Etheria, their long-lost friends, and how they had got there. Raps even hinted, once again, at her feelings for Cass, something with Glimmer and Bow were beginning to pick up on. Otherwise, they surely had a lot in common.

On another part of the ship, the tour was about to come to an end. Chelli approached Marika close. She loudly chuckled. "You look so snazzy in that uniform, Ms. Kato. Why don't we *fool around* with one another."

Cass did not know what Chelli was *really* referring to, nor did she know that Apta had previously consented to this kind of thing. Even so, she did not like how close Chelli was getting to the woman she loved. It made her nervous.

It is then we get to the present. Cass shouted at the top of her lungs. "Don't *even* try to get close to my girlfriend again, you damn ruffian…she is MINE!" She drew her sword, defending Marika, who stood behind her, with her orangish hair shining from the artificial light in the spaceship hallway. Somehow, Marika convinced Cass to withdraw her sword. She said softly, "Miss Aphra, Cass is my partner. I would *only* like to be your friend...and hope we get along...that is all."

Chelli could see what was happening. She sighed. Sometimes this kind of thing worked on women. Other times it did not. She didn't apologize, but she did step back. She said, under her breath, "I only wanted to *flutter* with her. I guess I'll have to do that with someone else then." While she would have responded to Marika, or Cass, Apta spoke next. She tended to be the voice of reason in these situations.

"Captain Aphra just says what is on her mind, Misses...we do not mean for any harm…"

While this calmed the tensions for now, the issues had not been fully resolved. Cass began speaking, almost unexpectedly, while pointing at Chelli. Her voice echoed throughout the hallway as she declared:

"Miss Aphra, I will not let you and your motley crew destroy me, or the *Bentenmaru*, bringing conflagration *back with you*. I promised my consent to Marika, as her lover, and will not break my word, nor will I await destruction with a two-edged sword...cast yourself away...at once!...leave this ship!"

It was almost like a trance had come upon her. She snapped out of it, and wasn't sure why she had said those words. Some of what she had said was true. While Chelli did not understand everything, she did see it as a threat. She drew her blaster from a holster and pointed it at Cass. She wouldn't put up with this. Apta did not attempt to stop her. In fact, she prepared herself for a fight instead.

"*How dare you!* No one believes that you are saying. You are only inviting your damn doom...the time for talking is *over*." She stepped toward Cass, her finger on the trigger. As she and Marika focused on her, she gave the signal to Apta. She pulled out a control and pressed a button as Apta has instructed. The cannons on an auxiliary ship, which had left the *Darla Angel* earlier, in the event that things went sour, and had hidden behind a nearby

asteroid, activated. The ship locked onto the engines of the *Bentenmaru* and fired its cannons at full strength.

The spaceship began to shake. The smell of smoke, from the burning engines, was apparent, even in their hallway. Lights in the hallway became dimmer in an effort to reserve power, while an alarm began blaring. Everyone across the ship could hear the robotic voice from the intercom. "The *Bentenmaru* is under attack. Prepare for countermeasures."

Chelli chuckled. She told Apta to turn off the cannons. She complied. Chelli boasted, after lowering her blaster and placing it back in her holster. She wanted to make it clear they meant business. They wouldn't put with people who seemed to threaten them. "That is only a fraction of the power that ship has. I suggest you *stand down*."

Marika was not happy about this result, nor was Cass. Her hair soon became disheveled. She cried at the top of her lungs, growling, and her eyes blazing wildly. Only Marika could hold her back before she drew her sword. She was prepared to cast them away, fully. She would even put her life on the line so she could defend the woman that she loved with all her heart. Chelli could see that and *somewhat* sympathized.

Even so, she was not the one who defused this. Instead, Marika put herself on the line, as she held Cass's hand, with all her might. It gave herself more confidence, which she sorely needed right now.

"We are all women who love women here...can't we all *get along*? We don't want this to be debacle."

Chelli was okay with withdrawing. As she saw that her strategy, if it could even be called that, had worked. Even so, she did not like what Cass had said, and guessed that Marika believed the same thing. She wouldn't hesitate to do what was right for *herself*, and now Apta, even if it screwed over everyone else in the process.

As she took the initiative and extended her hand, as a gesture of peace, Marika shook it. At that moment, she asked Marika to make an announcement on the ship's intercom. It was time to go. They could not stay. Marika did as Chelli asked and got the ship's engineer to shut down the warning alarm and intercom message. Instead, a new message went over the intercom.

"All crew members of the *Darla Angel* must report to the docking bay. Thank you."

Glimmer and Bow said their goodbyes to Raps. She hoped that she would get to meet them again, someday. On another part of the ship, Catra and Adora finished their chat with the psychic navigator, ship specialist, electronic warfare specialist, as they all played a game of cards. The ship engineer had been there earlier, but left to complete Marika's orders.

Glimmer, Bow, Adora, and Catra walked up the landing ramp of the *Darla Angel*. Right after it closed and they began to talk into the main part of the ship, they were hit by a certain gas. It caused them to become woozy. Out of nowhere, they were injected with needles filled with a mysterious substance. None of them put up a fight because it was so quick and they hadn't prepared themselves. They fell to the ground in a slump. The drugs had the effect of causing

someone's memory of the last two hours to become fuzzy, making remembering events difficult. Chelli did not want these crew members to be awake for what she was about to happen next. She knew they wouldn't agree.

Apta did not raise any objections as she trusted Chelli's judgment, even if it could be to her peril. She would stay with her through thick and thin. She and Apta looked out for each other.

"I have someone to contact...so we can *deal with* those people who insulted us…" Emily beeped along in agreement. As they left the docking bay and were outside the *Bentenmaru*, Chelli pressed a button. A hologram of a woman with whitish hair, with a certain sheen to it, appeared. Since the holographic image was blue, the woman's blue eyes and light skin wasn't as apparent. Seeing Chelli on the other side, the woman shook her head. Did it have to be *her*?

"What is it, *Aphra?*... what do you want from me? Haven't you taken enough?"

The tension was clear in the air. Chelli looked forlorn. Her pension for weaving and dodging, as she had done throughout her life, has expanded to her relationships. It hinted at commitment issues, as she tried to solve problems on the fly as she tended to get herself intro trouble in more ways than one. Sometimes she was her own worst enemy.

"Uh, Tolvie, we found a rebel cell. They are a pirate ship named the *Bentenmaru*. I will send you the coordinates. I feel bad at how we left each other...if only I could…"

This did not make her feel more sympathetic to Chelli. It still infuriated her at how she had abandoned her, just when she thought that they had a connection. Seeing another woman holding her arm, Magna scowled, then recomposed herself. She spoke plainly and directly: "Your coordinates have been received."

What followed was something that just slipped out, without much thought. "Have fun with your *new* girlfriend, Aphra. I hope you found *someone* who keeps you grounded. Please do not contact me again."

Chelli tried to say something, beginning with, "Tolvie, just listen...I am sorry…" before the hologram dissipated into nothing. She knew that Magna had *basically* hung up on her. She went on to explain to Apta how Magna and her had crossed paths before, and their tumultuous relationship. Apta had become pretty good at discerning relationships and feelings between people. She had picked up some language, especially from Glimmer and Adora, and maybe some of the other princesses on Etheria. "Oh, so she's *your ex*." Chelli nodded. Apta had described it well.

At instruction from Chelli, Apta plugged in the coordinates and their ship whizzed through hyperspace. Only a nanosecond later, two massive Star Destroyers appeared, menacing the *Bentenmaru*. Marika sighed. Perhaps Chelli had a point about their impending doom, or maybe Cass had been right about that woman and her crew after all. In any case, she told her crew members to prepare for possible combat.

She accepted a request to speak from the commander of the Star Destroyer, one Magna Tolvan. She began speaking in a stern tone. "We have reports of rebel activity in this sector.

We must inspect your ship for any contraband." Marika scoffed. What in the world was she talking about? At the advice of Cass, she stood her ground. She replied back forthwith. "We are *not* rebels and we will not be opening our ship for contraband. Your reports are faulty. We take issue with them." She was hoping that this would be enough to get her to withdraw, because they could not risk a space battle with massive ships. They would be sorely outgunned.

Magna was getting annoyed. She shouted back. "Fine. If you will not comply, then you *will be destroyed*." She was unleashing her anger at Chelli on them. The screen turned off. Hyakume told her what the ship's scans showed. They were charging their weapons. While Marika wanted to fight them, Cass warned that would be foolish. "If they attack us, with all their firepower, we will face our utter destruction. We cannot let those ruffians, who *reported* us, win."

On this, Coorie, San-Daime, and Luca agreed, as did Misa. Magna received a report from a fellow Imperial officer. "Sir, the *Bentenmaru* is activating its engines. It is preparing to jump." She ordered the cannons to reposition themselves and fire upon the engines, so as to disable to ship, so they could board it, then interrogate those inside. They could not let them get away. The turbolasers began firing. The lasers headed toward the pirate ship at a rapid pace and caused critical damage in the process. The next part of the plan was to launch a tracking device, in the event that they *did* escape.

At that very moment, as the device was latching itself to the *Bentenmaru*, the warp engines activated. The ship disappeared in the blink of an eye, even as it continued to smoke. In this boost of energy, the tracking device was completely incinerated. Back on the ship, Marika ordered her crew to fix the damaged engine as soon as possible. To go through hyperspace with a damaged engine was dangerous because it compromised the ship's integrity and it might result in them having to crash-land whenever they arrived at the next planet. Neither result would be good.

Stamping her foot authoritatively, her voice echoed across the ship. She was furious. "I'll get you for this, Captain Aphra, if it's the last thing I do, you damn *scoundrel*!"

Far away and traveling through another hyperspace lane, Chelli shook. She almost felt that someone was talking about her. Apta held her hand tightly and whispered, "do you want to play the kissing game?" Chelli nodded happily. They continued this game, as they intensely flirted with one another, even after the ship jumped out of hyperspace.

Sometime later, chaos erupted when Catra, Adora, Glimmer, and Bow woke up, especially when mixed with the wild antics of Chelli and Apta, neither whom revealed that they had been drugged, blaming some renegade space pirates. With their memories foggy, they tended to believe them. In no time at all, they all would end up in yet another tense situation when they met those who could bend air, water, and other elements within a city which brought together nations across a vast land.

End Notes

Some of what Cass says (and some of the other text) was inspired by Cassandra on the Greek Mythology Link site, certain pages of Matthew Dillon's "Kassandra: Mantic, Maenadic or Manic? Gender and the Nature of Prophetic Experience in Ancient Greece," Books II, III, V, and X of Virgil's The Aeneid (translated by John Dryden); the webpage entitled "Cassandra, Ancient Princess of Troy, Priestess and Prophetess," and "The Fall of Troy Book 12, Translated by A.S. Way." On a related note, when it comes to mythological Cassandra, is this page about Cassandra/Alexandra, Robert E. Bell's "Cassandra in the Classical World article. Looking through my fics in this series, I've used many references to sexual intercourse, apart from calling it sex, whether "making love" and "pleasure a woman" in part 1, "horizontal refreshment" in part 2, "bang" and "made love with her" in part 3, "railed by a girl" and "blow off the groundsills" (also known as "blow off on the groundsills" or "blow the groundels," meaning when someone has "sexual intercourse while lying on the floor") in part 4. I may use some of these euphemisms for sex in the future fics, whether this one or others: "Amorous Congress," "Basket Making," "Bread and Butter," "Brush," "Clicket," "Face Making," "Blanket Hornpipe," "Convivial Society," "Take a Flyer," "Green Gown," "Lobster Kettle," "Melting Moments," "Pully Hawly," "Riding St. George," "A Stitch," and "Tiff." The same goes for many other terms listed here, specifically: "Give someone a green gown," "Play nug-a-nug," "Play the pyrdewy," "Play at couch quail," "Ride below the crupper," "Board a land carrack," "Fadoodling," "Put the devil into hell," "Night physic," "Princum-prancum," "Culbatizing exercise," "Join paunches," "Dance the Paphian jig," "Play at tray trip of a die," "Dance Barnaby," "Shot twixt wind and water," "Play at rantum-scantum," "Play hey gammer cook," "Join giblets," "Play at rumpscuttle and clapperdepouch," "Lerricompoop," "Ride a dragon upon St. George," "Houghmagandy," "Pogue the hone," "Make feet for children's stockings," "Dance the kipples," "Have one's corn ground," "Arrive at the end of the sentimental journey," and "Get one's ashes hauled."

In order to make sure I depicted Aphra correctly in this fic, I read pages 76-79 of the updated version of Amy Ratcliffe's Star Wars: Women of the Galaxy, which described her as a rogue archaeologist and thief who reactivates previous relics to garner a profit, with fast talk, cutting humor, without being a hero, or a villain, always trying to get herself into trouble, as she solves problems on the fly, escaping issues on her ship, a dodge-and-weave approach which does not work for her personal relationships, as she hunts for artifacts. It also says that through it all, her only real ally is herself, but she has some personal bonds and heated relationships, like those with Magna Tolvan and Sana Starros. The latter has an entry on pages 236 to 237, calling her savvy, efficient, and cutthroat, as a smuggler, who only works with the rebels on some occasions, while she has tangled and complex emotions for Aphra, with both eventually "heal[ing] old wounds and reform their bond." Also, the page for Magna Tolvan on Wookieepedia was used for some description for this fic.

I originally planned to post this tomorrow, but I decided to finish it and publish it today instead.

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